Precious art of mine

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Precious art of mine

by HopeMyTherapistIsntCannibal

Summary

How Will Graham's life changes in one minute after meeting the strange European psychologist on a charity event. This is the first time he feels cared of and loved and it feels fake.

Thursday

Chapter Summary

"This is your favorite game
But you're gonna be defeated
And you're never gonna beat it
Controls you like a slave
But you gotta stop pretending
You won't get a happy ending
Someday you're gonna wake up
Gonna wake up
From a life in fantasy (Life in fantasy)
Someday you're gonna wake up
Gonna wake up
And realize it's not meant to be (It's not meant to be)
You stumble in the dark 'cause you close your eyes
Guided by the sweet talk lullaby
But someday you will wake up
You will wake up
From a life in fantasy
Wake up!
Wake up!"

OR

How Will Graham's life changes in one minute after meeting the strange European psychologist on a charity event. This is the first time he feels cared of and loved and it feels fake.

Chapter Notes

This is my very first fan fiction but I'm trying...ᕦ(ಠ_ಠ)ᕤ

Anyway the quote is from the song Wake up by Smash into pieces. When I first heard it I immediately thought about this.
I'm planning to post twice a week, a weekday and usually on Saturday and I hope that I can do this. It's a total 7 chapters.
Sorry for my English, it's not my native language, I hope I don't commit many mistakes.

So enjoy ʕ▷◁ᴗ ᴗʔ+♡

(No beta read, cuz I don't have one. ಥ_ಥ

And go listen to Smash into pieces cuz I love them)

God, he hates his shirt.

The way it's sticking to his already sweaty body, although it's winter. The shirt is too elegant for him, even though he is only wearing that, no tuxedo or stuff like that. He makes an attempt to fix his tie (what he also hates) and looks at the woman standing beside him.

Molly is wearing a blue dress matching Will's tie. The dress isn't covering her white shoulders and her accessories are all silver to match her beloved's suit. The outfits and all pieces of clothing were planned and bought by Molly, except one piece. And it's an inevitable thing, a little box lying in the pocket of Will. The silver ring it contains is something Will bought weeks ago and he was so nervous about giving it to the woman he loved so much, he hasn't done it yet.

His head is full of thoughts, emotions and sounds. He feels the crowd pulsating, everything blurred but audible for him. Will Graham's special ability is the pure empathy he has. Although in time's like this it's more of a disadvantage or a curse, feeling all those emotions without being able to disconnect his mind for just a little.

In the majority of time he is able to somehow switch his mind off but crowds aren't really his thing.

He leaves those thoughts, unclenches his fists and concentrates on the surroundings.

It's a ball, a charity ball and they are standing in an enormous hall. The crowd feels like an endless, always moving and pulsating ocean, whispers and hushes nearly audible. There is a small podium in the back of the room and the well-dressed people are whispering, their attention fixed on the man standing there.

He is a tall middle aged man with grayish hair. He is wearing a three-piece suit- as many others- but Will guesses its price is so high, he would have to sell his house to be able to afford it. Maybe it wouldn't be enough. Or even the price of the whole room's clothes altogether would be lower. But the three-piece suit isn't the only thing catching his attention.

He gazes higher and finds two maroon eyes and above them high cheekbones. So high and sharp it seems like the face of the handsome man was made of stone. Perhaps if he touched the man's face the cheekbones would cut his hand. The man looks at him and Will turns away, flushed. He doesn't want to make eye contact, he's afraid he wouldn't be able to look away. Those eyes were somehow understanding? And attention seeker. Can you say it about eyes?

"...'s oil painting is 30x30cms and the price we begin with is $ 3000" announces the other man Will didn't notice before. He is holding a painting, as Will guesses one of Mr. Cheekbones.

"Do you know him?" Will whispers to Molly.

"No. Although I've been to various charity events I haven't seen him yet" Molly tilts her head trying to remember why the man seems too familiar.

"Then you don't know his name, do you?" Will is hopeful, maybe she could hear the name he missed, but Molly just shakes her head.

Will was hoping to hear the man's voice, he imagines it thick with accent. Unfortunately he doesn't have the chance to find it out.

The painting in the man's hands is dark and in the center he saw a stag. No, it isn't exactly a stag, it has humanlike body. It's tall and muscular, its skin dark as charcoal. Two beautiful antlers are growing from its head, decorating it like some kind of crown. It's so royal, a real predator. The whole art somehow calls him to focus on it. It's surreal but real. More real than his entire life has been. And this is somehow threatening.

In the end of the evening he arrives home with the painting but without thousands of dollars. Molly's angry with him, she left the bedroom and they spend the night separately. As Will thinks about it better it comes to his mind that they've never had a real argument or at least they always apologized in the end.

"Why did you throw out this amount of money for trash?!" Shouts Molly holding a knife in her hand. She is pointing it on the painting with a trembling hand.

Will sees how angry she is, her face flushed, eyes nearly a line, brows furrowed. He can't look her in the eyes but he knows it's the only thing that could make her less angry.

Finally he looks up finding Molly's eyes, puffy and holding back tears. Neither of them is accustomed to these bigger arguments.
Not that their relationship was so perfect but all their fights were small and they always reconciled in the end.

"I don't exactly know why I bought it, it was somehow attractive" he knows he shouldn't say this. Molly always went to charity events like this, but Will used to refuse her invitation. This was a special event, since he wanted to engage her, what he didn't do. After buying the painting they spent hours of shouting and arguing, he almost forgot the little box hiding in his pocket.

In the end they go to bed separately but Will can't fall asleep. As time passes by he becomes more and more nervous, he doesn't want to loose her. Not because of a petty thing like this. He worked so hard to get rid of his bad habits and be more normal. He doesn't consider his feelings towards her as being in love but he does love her. He enjoys the time they spend together. Maybe she is more of a sibling for him. He cares about her as she cares about him.

He is trying to find a comfortable position with his mind's racing. He sits up and grabs his laptop to search for the mysterious man who made his life take a 180 degrees turn. And he

doesn't know yet about the upcoming things.

After the event he didn't have the chance to talk to the man- not that he would, he would be too nervous to say anything but mumbling and he really didn't need to humiliate himself once again. Not before a man like that.

He was obviously part of the elite circles, perhaps throwing dinners for his friends and not so friends, maintaining his good fame and surprising people with his skills. Because a man like this of course is good in everything. Not like Will.

Of course he also has some hobbies like fly fishing and reading and when he has time it's very relaxing just going to the garage and fixing motor engines all they until the darkness consumes the whole place and then returning home to his 4 dogs and curling up on the sofa with Molly and with a glass of whiskey. These nights they talk until everything else falls asleep and he likes it. He really does. And of course there are his dogs. It's not a hobby for him, not anymore. He enjoys caring about them, going for a run every morning with them, playing in the forest. This is the advantage of living in a single house in the middle of nowhere. You can let your dogs out whenever you feel like that.

However a man like the exotic looking man on the stage would never have a dog not 4. A cat would be more describing. And again he is thinking of the stranger.

He tries the official website of the event, anything about it but thanks to the early hour they haven't posted anything yet.
He tries the followings: painter charity ball, painter of a stag painting, man with high cheekbones, Mr cheekbones and things like that. He knows he is being stupid and so so ridiculous but the man just doesn't leave his mind.

Will spends 2 hours searching but doesn't find anything at all. He falls asleep with his laptop in his lap and his dog, Sherlock curled up at his feet.

This is the worst time of every day. Night is supposed to be the good rest after a long and exhausting day. Well, not for him. All his nights were about his nightmares which had became worse since he went to catch the Minnesota Shrike.

Beverly even mentioned him that maybe he should see a therapist. But he only had bad experiences with those doctors. They never help, they're too interested in his special mind and way of thinking.

They want to dig in and leave everything screwed up.

He was sent to therapy sessions and consultations since his early high school years but after he became more mature and realised that he can easily miss these sessions. So he hasn't been to a therapist recently. Not that this is a pity. Because it isn't.

His mind is racing even now and he starts to hear Molly quietly snoring, her breathing even, small movements in the room next to his.

In the dark room outside of Will everything is quiet and peaceful except for the painting hanging innocently on the wall.

The wind brings the scent of winter as the window shuts open and the warm escapes the room. The sensations the wind brings aren't only sensible by the nose but the ear. In the quietness small hushes and crashes are audible, the nature as livid as the oil wonder Will had bought.

If he hadn't fallen asleep he could see the creature starting moving, the bushes whispering and the whole place becoming alive. Every brush stroke woke up and started it's special, endless dance on the canvass. It's like walking in a gray dream, spiced with clouds and smoke. A challenge to make out any detail.

Friday

Chapter Summary

In which Will breaks down and here's our first corpse 🥳

Chapter Notes

Thank you for coming with me on this journey I really appreciate your love (ﾉ◕ヮ◕)ﾉ
I couldn't wait any longer, since this fan fiction is all my hope now... So enjoy it <3
And I realized I can't count, there's going to be a total 8 chapters.

If you find any mistake let me know it, still no beta read🤦

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Will wakes up early and he feels like his head is killing him.

It's still so dark, he can't make out anything. The sun isn't out yet due to the season, it's late winter and the sun rises late.

He gets some pills and sits back on the bed.

Nightmares aren't special for him, they occur everyday but this time the dream itself isn't the thing keeping him restless.

The night is about dreaming, waking up in sweat and panting, going to the bathroom, washing his face, avoiding the mirror. He knows he probably looks like trash so he got used to not searching for his reflection.

This time he wakes up like 3 times or more and the worst one is in the middle of the night.

Will wakes to a loud scream and only realizes that he was the one making the sound when Molly hurries into the room, now fully awake. She sits beside him and put one arm on the small of his back. The man's clothes are sticking to his body, sweat pooling on the bed, the dogs standing near to him, curious about their owner's state.

As time passes by Will starts to calm down. His breathing gets steady but his heart is still racing his chest falling up and down quickly. He closes his eyes and leans into Molly's touch. The hands caressing his cheeks are soft and still. Tender even. The opposite of his hands

grasping the sheets sticky and trembling a little bit. The woman hushes him. "You're gonna be alright" whispers softly. Will trusts her. Or at least wants to.

As the room starts to fading away he feels the hand transforming into something else. It is a slow change, the calming hand becoming bigger and stronger, long fingers trailing down his spine. He is sitting on the edge of the bed, Molly embracing him from behind. Will is afraid of opening his eyes, he knows what he would find.

Anyway after a few seconds he opens his eyes a little and in the mirror he sees the creature sitting with its head resting on his shoulder. He even feels the ghost of it's breath on the curve of his neck. This creature with the beautiful antlers is the one keeping him awake. It was the one being chased by Molly and at this thought Will flushes. It is embarrassing how he felt sorry for the beast and not for his girlfriend. Now that he's completely awake he can't even think about the reason why his dream was so threatening.

And now the devil was calming him in his own bed. How ironic.

It doesn't matter a monster is embracing him, his features soften where his skin is connecting to the warm charcoal body.

But if he will see the beast this much maybe he should give it a name. Like one would give to a child. He always chose names for his dogs carefully, after all they were his children and he didn't want something stupid for his family.

And this was an other point for Molly. She didn't freak out when she learnt the amount of his dogs.

He is drinking his coffee peacefully when his phone buzzes and immediately it starts ringing.

Molly's already left for work but she never calls.

He suppresses a yawn and grabs the phone.

He doesn't have to look to know who is calling this early. He stares at the clock and when the numbers finally materialize he can read it. 6:32.

"Yeah? It's Will Graham" he mumbles putting down the cup.

"Will, are you free? Of course you're. We need you for a tableau" Jack's voice is almost a bark "As we think it's a Ripper case. Humiliated body, missing organs..."

Eventually Will doesn't feel sleepy anymore. The chance to see a fresh Ripper case... Well, it would be stupid to miss a chance like this.

Of course he knew when he agreed to come that it won't be an enjoyable sight but this is much worse.

The small figure lying on the table is barely 5, body completely still, dead, but no drop of blood. The worst thing is that it seems like she is sleeping peacefully. Away from the aggression, the monsters, all the bad this world contains. The little girl is sleeping oh so calmly, expression soft, no sign of pain.

She is placed in the middle of the table, white tablecloth stained with blood but not the girl. Blond curls cover the white like some kind of glory. As the early sunlight hits her hair it shines so bright.

Will can't think about anything else, but angels. This creature could be an angel with her white dress, shiny hair and milky skin.

He looks away from the corps and surveys the place.

It is full of various FBI workers, but Will only knows some of them. He noticies Jack, an attention grabbing phenomenon with his broad shoulders and so tense posture. There are two men Will knows. Jimmy and Brian if his memory serves him right. But which one is the Jimmy and which the Brian don't ask him.

He only waves into their direction and glances back at the table.

"The cause of death isn't gunshot although we found one scar, on the stomach. It's postmortem" The woman with the dark hair turns around and when she noticies Will her face brightens. "You better now?" She is referring to the earlier occurrences with another dead girl.

She grabs his wrists and exits the room.

Once outside Bev holds his shoulders and forces him to look her in the eyes. "You look like hell"

"Thanks" He covers his face with his hands and taps his foot anxiously. "I can't forget him...them...her."

Last week Jack wanted him to go and see the Hobbs case. When he finally found out who the killer was it was late.

He pushed the door, holding his gun with trembling hand and rushed to the room. And there she was. A girl similar to the other victims, struggling in the embrace of her father. No. He can't think about this right now. He hates how easily his thoughts drift away.

He slowly returns to reality to the sight of a worried Beverly.

His legs are shaking so much he has to sit down on the grass. Will embraces his knees and closes his eyes. The woman behind him slowly lowers herself and puts a hand around him.

"It's okay, you're gonna be alright..." She hushes him.

Will didn't want to freak out, not now when he has an important case. But it happens all the time.

However since he started going to field all these panic attacks have just worsen.

Though as he's sitting on the ground with Beverly he realises how much he lacks real love. And this woman he barely knows is the kindest person he's ever met. And she's the first person standing the closest to the term 'friend'. He is so bad at social actions but Beverly showed him that it can be good. She even showed him to her friends, Zeller and Price.

While he's thinking he's starting to calm down.

Will doesn't know how long they've been there but after a while he feels better so he returns to the corpse, Beverly walking exactly next to him. As if afraid of another freaking out.

"Out! Get outta here, now!" He barely hears Jack's voice, his vision already blurred. Will goes deeper in the room and the pendulum swings.

When he opens his eyes again he's standing in the kitchen, a little girl playing in the corner, giggling at the stuffed animal in her hand.

"I've been watching her for a while. I prepared everything perfectly. I'm confident, but there's something... Something deeper that makes it harder killing this girl. I've killed before... Not like this, I'm treating her right. With love." It's like two personalities fighting against each other. There's hunger, want to cause pain. But on the contrary the killer tries to hurt the less possible. He's connected to this girl. There's a connection between them. And the love is genuine. But not in a romantic way.

"I'm killing her with my hands. Breaking her neck quickly from behind. She doesn't need to see what I'm doing. But she catches my reflection in the mirror. Our gazes are locking, and it distracts me. Those eyes... I can't stand seeing her in pain. But I have to do it.

This is my design."

After the murder he treated the body with so much care like a mother would, maybe he even cried next to her. And this is what guides Will to one idea: maybe the killer is in fact her mother. Not the real one but someone taking care of her. Perhaps a family member.

Will lowers his gaze and with difficulty he makes out the scar Beverly was talking about. The gunshot is an important part. It's only symbolic but he created it with so much effort. To have

it in the right place.

"It was so, so much effort. It is right on the chest. On the chest what is now empty, no longer functioning as it is supposed to be. The chest hides the heart. The bloody, still deliciously beating heart" He fights with the nausea, the need to empty all the contents of his stomach too strong.

Will opens his eyes and shifts on the couch. He's at home and it's dark outside. He's back to reality. But it doesn't feel right. Something's odd. He doesn't know what's real anymore. He doesn't know how he got home.

Chapter End Notes

I know this is a little bit short, I swear I'll try to write some longer chapters too.

Saturday

Chapter Summary

Will goes to survey the victim's home. It doesn't goes as planned.

Chapter Notes

Yeah we reached the third chapter 🥳
I didn't think I could post this today but turns out I could. I hope there aren't many mistakes because I wrote this in one sit in a couple of hours.
Love you ᙏ ˡ ˬ ˡ ᙏ

Weekend. Finally. Not like it is any different from the other days but for the others, *the normals* it's different.

Well, Will is anything but normal.

He starts his day at a doormat in Greene. This is not something a normal person does on a Saturday morning. Not after an almost 2 hour drive. But working for the FBI makes you anything but normal.

The building where they are standing is the house where the murderer's victim lived. Well as he suggests it's the Ripper but he has no evidence to show it to Jack.

On the long drive here they had enough time to discuss everything about everything. Jack told him that yesterday evening they found out the heart is missing but there's nothing more proving Will's right. And the Ripper doesn't kill children. Or at least not until now.

Will had the opportunity to talk about his strange experience from yesterday. Of course he didn't tell them anything about the missing time but they treated him as usually and Beverly even said that she's glad he went home early. So everything is as okay as it'll ever be.

Greene's a pretty little town, on the contrary to the house what's a literal palace with two stories and a huge garden.

The town obviously isn't used to the FBI showing up randomly. The neighbours all went out to see what's happening. This is one of the consequences of the silence about the whole crime. The parents didn't want anyone to know about what happened.

Naturally a person with rough red curls tried to get closer with her camera but fortunately the FBI workers could manage to make Freddie Lounds leave.

This annoying woman is everywhere and tries to write about literally anything. She doesn't know politeness or kindness she writes what she wants. And this is why Will hates her so much.

In front of the building two cars are parked so Jack has to stop a little bit farther.

As Will climbs out of the vehicle he shivers when cold reaches his bones running goosebumps on his skin.

He came here to learn more about the little girl and perhaps talk to the parents. Jack forced him to get Beverly with him, due to Beverly's better communicating skills. He knows Jack just didn't want him to say something stupid to the parents. And he doesn't blame him for this, he's completely aware of how rude he can be sometimes. Not because he wants to but he doesn't realise it when he speaks. Only after.

"Are you going to press the bell or do you want to stay here all day warming the doormat?" Beverly grins white teeth at him. Will knows she's just teasing him so he lets his lips curl into a small smile.

"Shut up" he presses the bell and waites. Fortunately he doesn't have to stand there a lot, almost immediately the door opens.

A tired looking man appears in the door with a questioning look, probably the father.

"FBI, we are here to ask a few questions" Beverly shows him her ID card. The man opens the door wider and they all entry the room.

It is a big hall with various paintings, a typical noble home. They find the mother sitting at the table, a baby on her lap. She looks up and smiles tiredly.

"We don't want to disturb you, only some questions. We are from the FBI" Beverly gestures to Will and continues talking. "But first of all let us express condolences, what happened is terrible so we can't let it happen again." She indeed has some good communication skills her speech polite and charming. She maintains eye contact the whole time and Will adores her for this. She does all the talking, Will's only task to stand there awkwardly and nod from time to time.

As they finish the chat he startles to survey the house looking for evidence.

The only sure thing is that the murder didn't happen here, it was in the other house where the body was displayed. They found out that it's the grandparents' place and they had their granddaughter for the week.

The room where the girl spent her days is a quite big one, exactly twice as big as Will's childhood room was.

"What's the matter?" Beverly turns to him stopping examining the books on the bookshelf.

"Nothing..." He mumbles. He knows Beverly doesn't believe him even without seeing her eyebrow lifting questioningly. "It's just my past. I was wondering what life can look like in a room, a house or a family like this." Will always avoids talking about his young years they make him uncomfortable. But now he considers telling his friend some things can't do harm.

"Well, my younger self would die for an own room." She chuckles and closes her eyes. "You know I grew up in a family with a lot of kids. But really, we were 6 and I'm the oldest. You can imagine how much of privacy I had. I guess you're an only child. Am I right?"

"It was only me and my dad. Although we were only 2 our relationship wasn't deep. My mother left us when I was a kid, couldn't even walk. So my dad had to have more jobs to manage putting food on the table. He worked on the docks repairing boats and as quick I turned 12 I also started working. But I can't really complain, I had food and a bed where sleep."

He starts walking in the room slowly getting in all, a person starting forming in his mind. But he doesn't have any idea where the girl and the Ripper could meet. And what is the point of the killing. How did he choose her. And why at this young age. He can't even start thinking about a question, since every second new ones are appearing one more harder to answer than the other.

His head starts pounding and the room takes a turn. He feels as his body hits the ground, his face connecting to the floor. Beverly tries to grab his arm to catch him but she's too late.

The father appears on the stairs worried, wondering the source of the loud tump.
"Is he okay? Do I have to call the ambulance? Or anyone?" Beverly just nods and turns back to Will.

"I guess...then I'll bring a glass of water too." And he leaves.

Will tries to move his head or even lift his eyelids but with a groan he gives it up.

Later that day in the hospital they inform him that he should take care of himself better since he's overworking and doesn't even eat properly.

There are some guests, mostly coworkers like Jimmy and Brian who bring him a bottle of whidkey knowing as well as Will that he can't drink it. Though it's a kind gesture. Jack and

Alana also appear and of course Beverly stays there with him the whole time.

He gets painkillers and some other medication but he doesn't really care. All his life he's been avoiding hospitals. They feel too sterilised and you can feel the pure death. With his job he faces death day after day but this is different. In hospitals even the death smells of illnesses.

Fortunately his visitors make his time spent in the hospital way better.

They talk and they bring him some things but mostly they just sit by him.

However they all have to leave due to his lack of sleep according to the doctors. Will suspects it's rather the argument Jack and Alana had over his state of health and the consequences of his work.

Alana even mentions to consult with a psychologist knowing that Will'll never ask for help.

Last time he went to a therapist was to make Alana shut up about his need of help. He went to someone named Frederick Chilton but it was the most awkward conversation in his life. Since then he tries to avoid any type of consultant, therapist, psychologist or whatever.

"Why didn't you eat? Do I really have to feed you?" Beverly is visibly upset but she'll never understand his reasons.

"I had a feeling that I can't eat until I don't find anything about this case. I feel guilty, I feel like I killed her." He doesn't like to be honest but now that he's sedated he feels a sudden urge to be genuine.

"But you didn't. You have to know this." She leans down to pull him into a hug.

Will feels like he'll break the hig too tight. "Bev you're gonna kill me." He mumbles but he smiles.

"You weirdo, I love you." She finally lets him go. "But be sure to eat properly."

After she goes he feels better. He's so lucky to have this woman in his life.

Molly only calls him, she can't leave her workplace before the visiting hours are over. He reassures her and tells her that there's no problem, he's totally fine.

But now finally he has some time for himself and the thoughts. He imagines the room and later the corpse, trying to place the girl there, alive and full with energy. Life is unfair so is

fortune. She deserves life, she had all those years before her. But no... There's nothing to do anymore.

He slowly closes his eyes and shifts into a dreamless sleep, the pills taking away all his nightmares and fears. It feels like salvation and he probably has his best sleep in years.

Once a few minutes after midnight he wakes up only to close his eyes again and drift back to his sleep.

In the corner of the room in the dark something moves. Fabric moves on fabric and everything falls quite again.

The shadows on the wall grow longer, antlers looking as sharp as the best knifes.

The creature standing in the dark doesn't move anymore. Only observes. And what is the pray? Obviously the man laying on the bed screwed up in the sheets. He's breathing calmly and steadily but this doesn't amuse the beast. It wants something else. Something violent the very opposite of calm. He wants the monster awaking in Will's mind. He can feel it reach out in the dark singing just for him. And now for the first tim win long-long years it knows what it wants, what are its desires.

And whatever surprising it sounds the object of its obsession is a human.

Sunday

Chapter Notes

So our story quickens here and this is an important step in Will's becoming.

I've been busy lately so I couldn't post but I don't even know if anyone reads this story 😅

But if you do please enjoy
(~¯³¯)~

Morning in a hospital hits different, all the sounds and smells are unknown and new. On top of this in a hospital the life never pauses, nurses hurry before the closed doors, moving on the corridors as quietly as possible , doctors work all night and come out of the rooms exhaustedly with a smile or disappointment and even guilt showing on their face after an unsuccessful operation.

After waking up from one of the most relaxing sleeps of his life Will needs a moment to realise where he is and what happened. Although a drugged sleep doesn't really count. He still feels a little bit dizzy, his vision blurred at some points. He looks around to get in his surroundings.

It's already the middle of the day, cars and people flowing on the streets. Noises fill the room as car after car passes by. He glances at the clock, it's 11:21.

He doesn't have to wait much until the door flings open and a kind looking nurse's head appears. When she notices her patient she smiles and entries.

"How are you? Could you sleep properly?" She reaches for the medicine remaining from yesterday. It is placed right by the several chocolate boxes sitting on the bedside table. She points at the toy gun with a questioning expression. Will mirrors her look. He didn't notice the plastic toy yesterday. He grabs it and on the tag he sees Beverly's name. His lips curl into a smile and he turns back to the woman now standing by his bed.

"Looks like my friend sent this. We're from the FBI and she likes to joke about our jobs." The gun still in his hands the nurse does some examinations and after checking everything she tells him that everything's fine.

"You can go now. Just make sure to drink, eat and sleep properly. And if you plan to overwork you have to wait a few weeks until you'll be strong enough." She handles him his papers and after packing his stuff he can finally leave.

"Thanks for everything, but I can't promise I'll have a healthier life." The corpse of the little girl flashes into his mind and he grimaces. The nurse obviously notices it but doesn't say anything.

After talking to the nurse Will calls Beverly and tells her that he can go home. He wants to catch a cab but Beverly commands him to stay where he is because if he doesn't she'll kill him". So Will waits for her in the hall and while waiting he texts Molly. She asks if he needs any medicine or anything in general but he reclines. The only thing he needs now is a rest. And maybe painkillers. Oh and someone who can tell him who's the killer. Perhaps a better life... A life where he isn't a guy who thinks about killing people for a living.

He's so lost in his thoughts he doesn't notice the car stopping in front of him and Beverly has to roll down the window and shout out "Will, I'm here!!" In a tone that causes several pedestrians turn towards them shooting disapproving glances into their direction.

Will flushes as he climbs into the seat next to Bev and he closes the door. "I told you to be less attention seeker." He looks out the window still embarrassed.

"You're very welcome I came for you. It's natural, you don't have to thank it, etc." Beverly is obviously offended her features tender, her posture still.

"Okay, okay. Thank you, really. But you know I hate when people are lookin'."

"Just ignore them. They look for a reason: this pretty woman is with you." She chuckles and her snores make Will laugh too.

They spend the ride in a good mood and after a while Beverly's features soften, she's becoming herself. It's finally a day off so Will invites his friend in, pouring two cups of coffee but before anything he greats all his dogs.

"Molly?" Beverly questions sitting in the dining room sipping her coffee. Well it's rather milk and sugar but this is the only way she drinks coffee. Will only shakes his head and checks his phone for any message from his girlfriend. When there's none he frowns and becomes nervous.

It's already 6 when he finally hears a car slowing and pulling in. Doors shut and after a few steps the front door opens. He can't really see the short woman, packages hide her face and two bags hang on her each shoulder.

"I know you told me you don't need anything but I've bought a few things." At this phrase Beverly chuckles but hurries to her either way grabbing two paper bags and after getting the instructions she carries them to the kitchen. Will also stands up to help but before he can open

his mouth his girlfriend hushes him telling him that he needs to rest. She treats him like he minimum had a concussion.

"Hey, I'm not gonna die. I can help you." He goes to the fridge and starts putting away every item.

In the end Beverly stayed with them and they had dinner together creating a familiar atmosphere with a lot of laughing and chatting. Halfway through the meal the dogs arrived and sat down under the table right by his legs looking up at him with puppy eyes. If someone saw them in that moment they would easily think that these dogs haven't eaten since weeks. Which is in fact is false since Molly always spoils them.

After dinner Molly and Will sit down in the living room turning on the television. After their friend left they cleaned up and now they are sitting on the couch watching some kind of terrible sitcom from the 90s. Will sits with his head resting on the armrest with Molly on his right curled up against him. The man yawns and closes his eyes just for a minute only to wake up to an odd noise coming from the front porch.

He looks around rubbing the dream away from his eyes. Molly mumbles in here sleep and turns a bit. The television has automatically turned off itself so he can't see anything but his hands in the dark.

The shuffling continues in the porch now louder. He reaches for his phone placed on the coffee table accidentally dropping it. He curses quietly and unlocking the screen the digits appear, it's already 11:27.

A loud thump is audible and glass breaks into thousands of pieces falling on the floor with loud clinking. Molly moves to sit up but he pushes him back putting his hand on her mouth. He tries to think searching for something he can use as a weapon but there's nothing. He slowly gets up and without turning on light he approaches the door.

There's a big and tall figure standing right by the door, the lights illuminating him from behind from the street. But it's not enough, Will still can't see anything.

The man startles getting closer and closer to him, to Molly. And with this thought something switches in him, the need to protect her strong and it is the only sentiment guiding him now.

And in the next minute the chaos breaks out with the two men attacking each other. Will is the faster although he's approximately 6 inches shorter than the other. As he reaches the place where the other man stands he growls and punches him in the face. It's when he notices the

gun in the bigger man's hand. The bigger sucks his saliva and spits onto the ground, his spit painted with blood.

Will doesn't have time to move before a kick reaches his stomach sending flashes of pain and he trembles. He has to bend down to soothe the pain.

He looks up again and in that moment he notices the antlers sticking out of the bigger man's skull.

Tick

Her boyfriend is being punched by a big attacker and she can't do anything. *I can't do anything. Will wants to save me.*

Tick

The man with the curly hair is unexpectedly strong and a glance at his eyes is enough to see the darkness there. *He's enjoying this. He's enjoying punching me.*

Tick

Will doesn't know what happens, he's a growling, punching and kicking mess, the only thing he sees is the man now laying curled up on the floor blood pooling around him. It's not only his it's a mixture of the both of them. He appears quite weak even with his antlers, trembling on the floor.

Tick

I have to kill him. It's my command. Come here and kill Will Graham.

Tick

This isn't him. He's not himself anymore. He's in the mind of Molly, the attacker and himself at the same time. He kicks and punches the man's face once again. As their bodies part he can feel the sticky blood connecting his fist to the broken nose above him.

The man suddenly gets back his strength, he gets immediately up grabbing Will's waist and turning their position so he can pin him to the floor without further struggle. He grabs the gun tightly and points it to his smaller man's head.

Molly's breath hitches and obvious fear radiates from her direction. The man either doesn't notice her or just ignores her. She knows she can't do anything so she only observes remaining as still as possible.

Will opens his mouth and bites into the exposed flesh of the man's throat tearing up the skin there. He draws blood, it's metallic yet strangely sweet taste awakening his inner beast.

With a groan he's on his feet again ready to fight. The man can't keep his eyes on him, his movements too fast, barely visible. In one minute the attacker's hand is tightly holding the gun and in the next he's grabbing nothing. As realisation hits him his eyes widen, mouth falling open and the same fear is radiating from him as from Molly.

The monster in Will's inside sings happily, the scent of his prey making him hungrier.

He grabs the gun but doesn't shoot. He's not that guy. Using a gun is childish, it's for someone who's afraid of murder and violence. He wants something more intimate. He holds up the weapon ready to strike down.

He sees in slow motion as the metal reaches the man's head tearing open the flesh and blood splatters everywhere. The scream escaping his victim's throat echoes in the room for several minutes before it dies down. The owner of it dies as well, life visibly leaving his eyes. He doesn't move anymore.

Will is panting heavily, his heart rate still insanely high. His whole body trembles as he loses his inner fight with the tiredness and collapses on the ground.

Tick

His mind switches once more, so he's now laying on the floor of the living room, fear shaking his figure. Shee looks at the fight now reaching for an end and what she sees will never leave her memory. The man she knows since all those years stands before a man inches taller than him and looks like a predator. When Molly looks into his eyes, the baby blue she always knew is not what it used to be. Will's pupil consumed all the blueness, and the darkness- oh the darkness, it's frightening. *What's there is raw hunger and aggression. And amusement. So Will enjoys this.*

Tick

He's laying on top of his victim, the blood colouring his features as the light hits his face. He feels tiredness, it washes all over his body, but no pain.

The man under him no longer seems like a beast, his broken body still and cold. He did this. Will Graham killed a man. No. He butchered him with pure violence. And what frightens him is that he liked it, he felt complete for the first time in his life.

It seems Molly has woken up from her shock, she walks slowly, hesitantly towards him. She's afraid, but not because of the attacker, instead because of her boyfriend. Although this wasn't his first kill. No, but this was the first he enjoyed.

Abigail. She fills his mind, her moveless body on the kitchen floor.

His funny brain goes back to work and starts wondering the origin of the silence. Then he realises that he locked the dogs upstairs so they weren't under feet.

He stands up and with an excuse he hurries to his room. What'll they do with the body? He doesn't care.

Will's sure Jack could tell everyone that it was self defense but honestly it wasn't. Tomorrow he'll call him.

He goes to the bathroom and looks in the mirror. The man glancing back at him isn't really a man. It's wild and violent, like a lion after a successful hunt. His longer curls are standing in every direction except the ones sticking to his sweaty forehead. A thick layer of sweat shines on his body and red blood adornes his every feature. He barely has a few scratches on his wrists where the man held him.

Pain slowly appears in his stomach, the place where he's been kicked. Shiver runs over his body as he entries the shower and after cleaning himself he's collapsing into the soft sheets of his bed.

He shuts closed his eyes so he doesn't have to bare the site of the beast in the bedroom.

Instead he's eye to eye with the attacker, his dead eyes staring into his soul. Who suddenly turns into another killer's face. Hobbs. Who's completely alive and is smiling at him.

Monday

Chapter Summary

Will has a day off and he finally has the chance to meet Hannibal.

Chapter Notes

I know I am late but I have my excuses. And please, please let me know what you think about this. 🥺

I don't know if I'm doing right what I'm doing (╥﹏╥)

And of course thanks for reading this weird stuff. (ʃƪ ^ 3 ^)

After the call Jack forces Will to meet him in his office where a further conversation takes place.

Will is standing before the heavy door shuffling nervously from one leg to the other. He glances at his watch what shows 8:42. He's 3 minutes early. He knows he would stand there and wait that 3 minutes anxiously but then he hears high heels tapping on the floor, every step a thud on the tiles. The continuous noises shake him out of the unconsciousness. He turns to face Alana, the black haired woman smiling at him showing her white teeth.

"Will! Good morning." She greets him and pushes the door before them. Will puts down his raised hand and follows her.

The small office isn't empty, 2 men are already sitting there. Jack's facing the door, his big figure blocking the view out of the window.

The other man sits with his back turned to the door but when he hears the arriving people he turns and stands up to greet them properly.

As he faces them the world turns with Will. Everything is dark and he can't hear anything.

He slowly starts getting back his hearing. His vision is still blurred but that one second looking at the man burned his face into Will's mind. Even without actually looking he sees the man, his handsome features sharp, his silvery hair glowing in the sunlight. Maroon eyes shine above high cheekbones, his every part screaming elegance and good taste. He's oddly familiar and once Will realises where they'd met his expression changes from casual to one a bit adoring. This is the man from the charity ball. But the man doesn't seem to know he was there. He only has to act normal like everyone else.

While he's thinking the man waits patiently with his hand raised obviously offering it for him. Jack clears his throat and the sound brings back him to reality.

He knows how rude he seems to be so he reaches for the man's hand as fast as possible just to grip it too tightly. And in a second he sees pain appearing on the handsome face only to disappear in the next. Will let's go of his hand immediately while mumbling sorry.

"I'm Hannibal Lecter. It's a pleasure to meet you." His smile is all pointed teeth.

"Will Graham." He takes seat next to Hannibal and waits for Jack to start the conversation. But this doesn't happen. "Are we waiting someone else?"

"Molly, she said she'll be here in a couple of minutes." Alana answers and after a few minutes the woman actually appears.

Hannibal greets her too and then the meeting starts.

"This is Dr. Hannibal Lecter, psychiatrist and my good friend." Alana introduces him, genuine pride and adoration in her eyes.

"After the recent occurrences we agreed that this can't continue. Will, we need your imagination but not like this. I told everyone it was self defense but this can't happen again." Jack looks at him and Will feels his worry. But he isn't worried about Will. He's worried about the chance of losing Will's special ability.

"We talked about this before but Molly told us that you'll be okay. It was 2 weeks ago and we had a big argument. As you may know I always thought consultation won't hurt you but now it's inevitable." All the others seem to agree with Alana, so finally Will agrees to have one conversation with the doctor.

Their consultation is going to take place at the psychiatrist's office this week. They don't agree on a particular date but Will gives him his phone number so they can set a date.

After the meeting in the office Will and Molly go to have a coffee in the near coffee shop.

They order and sit down to an empty table. Molly looks serious, her posture too tense for the usual coffee they used to have together.

She opens her mouth ready to speak but in the last second she shuts it and looks away. The silence grows longer but not in a good way and it makes Will uncomfortable.

When she finally decides to speak the barista announces that their order is ready and this seems to be a good excuse for the woman to wait with the speaking and she goes for the cups.

When she returns she takes a seat and she's reaching for her cup but Will stops her by putting his hand on her wrist and looks into her eyes. "Molly. I know something's wrong and you don't want to hurt me. But tell me what's it." He waits for her response but as nothing happens he continues. "And it's not my empathy telling me it. I can see it, I know you."

Molly shifts in her chair and she puts her hand on her shaking thigh in a way to calm herself down.

"We can't continue this. And it's not only yesterday. I've been thinking about this since long weeks." She takes a deep breath and continues talking. "You're a nice person and you make me happy but your job messed up our life. I can't force you to quit. But I can't do this any longer."

Her dark eyes are filled with tears and she's trying hard not to let them out. She's fighting the urge to cry. And this is what makes Will realise how lucky he is to know this person. How lucky he is to love and be loved by a person like this. He doesn't know what he did to deserve a woman as wonderful as Molly is. And now he's on the edge of losing her.

He clears his throat and tries to find the proper words. "I thought you understood me." Well, this came out meaner than he expected. "I- wait, I don't mean it like this. I hope you could see yourself with my eyes. You're perfect and I understand that you can't be with someone as unstable as I am."

Molly's expression softens and finally she releases the walls that were holding back her tears. They make salty paths on her cheeks and she's smiling. As the light hits her face she's literally glowing celestially. It hurts, oh how much it hurts for Will. Seeing her like this. She's happy to finally break up with him. She doesn't like him anymore.

And as this thought appears in his mind he feels pain crawling up in his chest and it grips his heart and his throat so tight he feels like he's choking. He's broken, once again he's hurt and left alone on the ground.

The sentiment is similar to the one he felt as a kid. When he was in elementary school he was lonely.

And one day the other kids let him join them playing football. The two captains chose teammates one by one and he remained last.

All the kids went to play and he was left there alone. They called him freak and they kickoff the ball into his stomach. He felt weak. He felt exposed. He opened up to the others, he asked

them to play with him. And for what?! He felt salty tears flowing down on his face but he didn't care. He didn't reach there to wipe them.

And as he was sitting in the café he could feel those tears wetting his cheeks. He got up and with the excuse of going to the bathroom he left the table.

Once he got to the small room he sat down on the floor, embraced his knees and broke down completely.

Tears are flowing down his face into his opened mouth and literally everywhere but he doesn't seem to notice it.

The pain both the physical and the mental is too much for him to bear.

His small figure is pitiable how sadness is embracing him. He's shaking, his hiccups are echoing in the small room and someone knocks on the door worrying about his state. He shouts out a "yes 'm fine" and closes his eyes.

The tile's coldness has a calming effect on him and it lulls him.

When he opens his eyes again he's standing on a porch of an unknown house. It's a big 2 story house and he doesn't have a clue where he is and how he got there.

Chill runs over his spine leaving goosebumps on his skin. His body is shaking and either the darkness or the coldness is what urges him to knock on the door.

The door opens in a minute and the sudden brightness blinds him. After a few minutes he gets back his vision and when he sees the man standing in the doorframe he jumps a little.

Hannibal smiles at him obviously entertained by Will's surprise.

"Come in, Will." He gestures to the hall behind him and Will gets back his confidence and steps into the warmness.

He didn't even realise that he isn't wearing a jacket that could reduce the shivers.

He shuffles nervously after the bigger man, still confused. He doesn't know how he got here or what happened before. Did he meet Molly after locking himself in the bathroom?

When he takes down the damp sweater he finds a business card in the pocket of his shirt with Hannibal's name and address on it. So this is how he got here.

He looks around questioning where to put the clothing when the house's owner appears behind him taking the sweater and replacing it with his own red one. "Put it on, you're freezing."

Will does as told. The sweater is a little bit big, it's covering his hands and a bit of his thighs but it undoubtedly gives him comfort.

He doesn't say anything, he hasn't since entering but he gives the doctor a smile what he returns. Will's visibly nervous, he's rumpling the sleeves of the sweater and he's searching the room for something anxiously.

"Will, look here." Hannibal puts his hand under the smaller's chin and tilts his head so he can look him in the eyes. "You're safe. I'm here with you"

They go to the living room where Will sits down on the couch. Hannibal disappears and this makes Will more frightened but he returns quickly and Will feels something warm covering his shoulders. He's still confused and frightened like a pray. He glances around nervously every once in a while to make sure Hannibal's here and didn't leave him. When he feels the doctors presence he calms down a bit.

He relaxes on the couch when the older man kneels down facing him. He fixes the sheet covering Will and Will has to force himself to look in his eyes but once he does it he can't glance away. The kneeling man puts a hand on his thigh to calm him down.

"Will, you don't have to speak if you don't want to. I ask you some necessary questions and you have to nod in response, is it good with you?" Will takes a deep breath and nods slowly. Hannibal puts down his hands to not disturb him.

"Good. Are you in pain?" Will shakes his head. "Do you know where you are?" A nod. "Okay. That's good. I'm going to make dinner while you have a shower. Come with me."

It's great, feeling cared of. The way Hannibal glances back above his shoulder every now and then to make sure Will's following him sends warmth all over Will's body.

As they walk toward the bathroom he has the chance to look around in the house.

It's big as he expected it and it's elegant. Hannibal's taste echos everywhere, the walls, furnitures even the details are Hannibal himself. The colours aren't bright, they are rather showing comfort and safety.

This whole place radiates safety and it makes Will alert. All his life he couldn't find real safety and this feels fake. He learnt when he was a kid that he can never relax.

His empathy disorder was strange for the other children and they were afraid of him. They offended him and his father didn't really help. So now being cared by a kind person: this doesn't seem real. It's a false feeling of security.

Hannibal drew him a bath and brought him fresh clothes. Will gets back the red sweater that smells like Hannibal and as he pulls it over his head he can feel as his tense body relaxes. Although the bath itself also did a lot in calming him. The fancy shower gel has a good scent of some exotic plants.

They eat in silence, neither of them speaks. They don't have to.

Will wasn't really hungry but when he could smell the meat his mouth started watering.

The silence enveloping them isn't really embarrassing, it actually feels good.

Will stuffs his mouth with the strawberry jam sandwich Hannibal made for him. He wanted to make him something fancier but Will refused.

With the next bite he moans and blushes. " 's rea' 'ood." He says with his mouth full. He swallows and tries again. "It's real good. Thanks."

The older man smiles at him and puts another piece of meat into his mouth. He's visibly happy to see Will speak again.

Will points at Hannibal's plate. "What's that?" "Stuffed heart. I find pork heart a very special meal: it's meaningful but it also contains various vitamins like omega 3..." He's about to continue but Will stops him.

"Can I try it?" Usually Hannibal would consider this rude but giving Will's current state of mind he only nods and gives him his plate.

Will cuts a piece and puts the fork into his mouth. As his lips lock around it he involuntarily moans and licks his lips. "Woah, I didn't know you're such a good cook."

Hannibal cuts another piece and offers it to him while he's smiling proudly. Will takes it happily and they share the whole plate like this.

After dinner they go to the sitting room where two comfortable armchairs are placed facing each other.

They are sitting there, Hannibal with a glass of wine and Will with a glass of wishkey.

Thanks to the food and the alcohol Will seems to start opening up. He smiles more and his posture is anything but tense. And this makes the psychiatrist genuinely happy.

"Sorry for appearing here just like that in the middle of the evening." Will puts down his glass remembering that he didn't even thank Hannibal for letting him in and even making dinner.

"It's always a pleasure having a friend for dinner. This is why I gave you my address."

"But we only met today." And last Thursday. Will has never thought that he'll sit face to face with the handsome man sipping alcohol in his house. It's too surreal.

"Tell me Will, do you consider our meeting a coincidence?" Hannibal takes another sip of his wine and leans forward. His leg is crossed over the other, he sits like he probably does in his consultations.

"What other way could you call it?" He seems to know that Will was there on the charity event.

Will looks in his eyes competitively, but the doctor doesn't even flinch.

"And are you going to tell me what were you doing at my doormat this late?" Now Will's the one flinching. This is why he avoided therapy. He hates when someone tries to poke around his brain. Even if they really want to help. He got used to not trusting people that now it's hard not to lie.

He clears his throat and shifts uncomfortably on his seat. He doesn't know if it would be a great choice talking about losing time. He decides to avoid the topic- for now.

"My girlfriend broke up with me telling me that we can't continue this." The older man seems to understand his feelings. He pours another glass of wishkey and gives it to him.

"Was it because you're a murderer?" Will wants to protest, to say anything but he knows the doctor's right. His mouth is dry so he washes it with wishkey.

"It's one of the reasons." He feels sudden tiredness washing over his body and his eyelids fall down heavily. He yawns and stretches a bit. His limbs are numb.

He got berth in one of the guestrooms near to the master bedroom.

Hannibal told him that he's too tired to leave now. He didn't want to let him go in this state.

Will smiles and pulls the sheets over his head. He feels safe. Safer than he had for a long time. He closes his eyes and as he pulls the sweater closer to his face the smell of Hannibal suppresses everything else. And since days he falls asleep without the image of the beast with the antlers.

Tuesday

Chapter Notes

I know I don't post as planned but here you go.
Enjoy (◕ɛ◕)
And happy Easter for those who celebrate it and those who don't: have a nice day (night)

Will wakes in a big bed and next to it on the bedside table sits a big glass of water. Hannibal probably brought it in while he was still asleep. The room is half lit where the curtains are a couple of inches open.

He rubs his eyes and stretches. Yesterday when he came here he just collapsed on the bed and fell asleep in a minute. Now he has the opportunity for a further observation in the room.

The place is small and beige is the dominant colour. The bed is in the middle of the room and the window is on its right side. It's big and although it has a view to the road the room is quite peaceful and silent. The walls are decorated with paintings, probably Hannibal's work. But in every single one's center is the stagman. The stagman that's been hunting Will since Thursday. It seems like this creature is the doctor's obsession. Will can't blame him for it, it's magnificent in its own way.

Will hears quiet footsteps and then knocks on the door.

"I heard you're awake, can I come in?" Will goes to open the door and he finds himself face to face with a fully dressed Hannibal. His mouth falls open and he can't help the giggle that explodes from him.

"No." He chuckles. "You're wearing a three piece suite this early in your own home." He wipes away the tears and tries to stop the giggles escaping his mouth. He should feel embarrassed by Hannibal's questioning look but he doesn't, this is way too funny.

"Yes Will, you're right. I'm wearing a suite but at least I'm wearing something." He looks over Will's body and now Will actually feels embarrassed.

When he sleeps at home he only wears a t-shirt and boxers. Now it's his *winter style* thanks to the cold: Hannibal's sweater and boxers.

Will feels as his face warms up but he'll never admit how uncomfortable the older man could make him. He forces out a confident smile and asks: "Why did you come? I guess not to judge my super stylish outfit?" He wiggles his brow. This makes the psychiatrist smile.

"I came to announce that breakfast is ready. I hope you like boiled eggs and bacon." He turns around to exit but he stops when he remembers something. "Oh, and your clothes are waiting

for you freshly washed. One minute and I'll be back with them." He turns on his heels and now actually leaves.

They are sitting in the dinner room talking: jumping from one topic to another. And they are enjoying themselves. Hannibal really is a good cook, the eggs and even the bacon are the best Will had in his life.

The atmosphere is friendly, they are chatting and laughing like they didn't meet yesterday but they've known each other since they were born.

Will is relieved and Hannibal couldn't be happier. They have breakfast together like usual families do.

"Tell me about your family with a few words, dear Will. Your persona lets me think that you're an only child. Am I right?" This question makes Will's constant smile fade away, he's visibly uncomfortable.

"And you were spoiled, weren't you?" He can't help but fight back. He learnt that if he gets a painful question the best way to treat it is asking back. And if it's an insulation it's better. He sees a flick of pain sweeping through the other man's eyes. But as quickly as it appears it's already gone.

"Answering a question with a question? I thought the your way of thinking was more layered." Hannibal leans forward and puts his hands on the table on the two sides of his plate.

Will's fork slips out of his hand and hits the table with a loud clink. His mouth is dry and his appetite immediately disappears. He feels as the food he's already consumed wants to get free. He fights down the nausea and locks eyes with Hannibal, challenge in his gaze.

"Hurtful territories, Will?" Will shuts his mouth tightly and stubbornly. He won't say a word unless Hannibal also does it. It doesn't seem like he'll do it because he returns to his plate and puts another forkful of egg into his mouth. He chews it carefully and as he swallows the bite his Adam's apple bobs. Will is mesmerized by this simple procedure. It feels like everything else stops existing the only ones left in the world are Hannibal and him. He senses the surroundings but it's all blurred.

He looks higher and when stormy blues find tranquil blood his breath hitches. When they lock eyes he doesn't feel anything. Not a nuance of sentiment radiates from the other man. Hannibal Lecter is the first person who is so aware of their presence that Will can't, is unable to sense his feelings or literally anything. And this makes him addicted to the other man's company.

He sighs and finally decides to speak again. "What is your concept of family?" This question catches the psychiatrist unexpectedly but he doesn't show it. After a few minutes of thinking he answers.

"It depends on who you are. You can create a family for yourself but your original family will always be there. Even if they are not there literally the shadow they left behind themselves in the past will always obscure your present and more so your future."

"The way I created a family for myself with furry members. And what's your family?" He's genuinely curious. He knows that the older man is more social than him but he doesn't know anything about his personal life. Let alone if he has a partner.

"I don't have a family since I lost my real one. I'm afraid the loss made me too careful about being so bound to someone." His honesty catches Will off guard, he really didn't expect him being this opened up. Not that it's an unpleasant surprise he just couldn't hope it. Genuine surprise spreads across his face and he decides if the other man plays a fair game then he also has to.

"My mother left us when I couldn't even walk. Dad always told me it wasn't my fault. But he turned to alcohol when I was 13. And when he was drunk he became honest. Too honest. On those days he shouted at me calling me a freak and telling me that she left because of me. That she couldn't bear my cries and oversensitivity." He stops taking a deep breath but he feels like the air can't get into his lungs properly. Hannibal doesn't say a word, he's waiting patiently. "He asked why can't I be normal, like the others. That he really deserved a better son."

Tears are blurring his vision and he's fighting them back. He's already showed the psychiatrist his vulnerability he doesn't want to appear weaker.

"My father really tried his best being my father."

"It's often painful seeing your loved one hurt but being unable to help them." Hannibal's voice is deep and barely audible.

"He didn't really punish me. Only when he drank too much and became abusive. He hurt me physically but the consequences stuck with me and my mental health became a wreck." Will wipes away his tears and tilts down his head, hiding from the other man. "He often forgot what he did to me. I had to lie about the origin of my scars because I didn't want him to blame himself for hurting me. I told him they were made by other children. We had a hard life since he had to work a lot if he wanted to maintain us."

"A sibling can make it easier if your relationship with your parents is not sane." Will's blue eyes lock with maroon ones and he notices that Hannibal is far far away lost in the past.

"Are you talking from experience? Are you the older one?" They stopped eating a long ago and the meal became an impromptu consultation between therapist and patient. But the roles are not sure.

Hannibal returns from his memories and faces Will.

"I was. She died a long ago." He sighs and takes a sip of his drink to clean his dry throat. "I still think about her every day."

Will feels uncomfortable and guilty for bringing up the topic. It's wrong seeing this composed, always perfect man break down in one millisecond. It's frightening.

"What was her name?" He asks softly and reaches above the table to put a comforting hand on the other's bigger one. This act surprises Hannibal but not as much as it does Will. He chickens out but doesn't pull away only smiles at the doctor and closes his eyes.

"Mischa. Dear Mischa. My parents were killed and she was the only one remaining for me. She was the one I loved so much. And she was aggressively taken away from me." He doesn't continue. Instead he waits and sadness is embracing them, the mood sensibly dropping.

"Having a sibling is the first occasion to experience pure love. Not experiencing love before becoming an adult can cause bad consequences in your later life."

"Tell me Will, did you find real love in your adolescence?"

"Love can be defined different ways but for me love is impossible." Hannibal opens his mouth to protest but Will continues cutting him down. "My empathy disorder makes it exceptionally hard for me to not feel the other's feelings about me. And when they learn about my ability they'll never trust me. People's biggest fear is their real feelings being revealed."

Something moves in Hannibal's gaze but it disappears as quick as it comes. There's something dark in those blood coloured eyes. And it is calling the darkness hidden deep inside Will. It's reaching for the monster hiding in him.

Will leaves and stopped at home before work to greet his dogs and Molly, who still lives there because she couldn't find yet another place to live. He goes for a quick walk with the dogs when his phone rings.

Jack is waiting for him at a new crime scene which is placed in a forest. The victim is a middle aged man kneeling in the middle of a clearing.

As Will and the police officers get closer he puts on his glasses and looks at the man's face. It's oddly familiar but he can't figure out why.

"A hiking family found him this morning. The corpse is quite fresh, it can't be older than a half day." Jack informs Will while they wait for Beverly and her two co workers to arrive.

"I can confirm he was killed during the night." The shorter man says.

"Jimmy's right. When we asked other tourers who were here last evening and before 9 pm the body wasn't here." Bryan says. He pauses as something takes his attention.

Will looks in that direction and what he sees surprises him.

A black Bentley parks by the clearing. The front door opens and a tall figure steps out of it. He shivers as the cold hits his body suddenly and starts walking towards them.

"Dr Lecter." Jack greets him and they shake hands. "I'm glad you could make it up to us."

"It's natural I come if I can help you." His deep voice seasoned with accent sends a warmth over Will's body what he'll never admit. He leans to Beverly to whisper. "Why is he here?"

"Jack told us he must come with you when you go to field. Don't ask me why." She whispers back. "I don't think he could prevent a panic attack but..."

Hannibal stands beside Will and smiles at him. However this smile is much more intimate than the one he offered to the others. There's a tone of sadness shadowing his handsome face. Will understands that it's not new, it was always there, he just didn't notice it. And he's a man calling himself an empath.

"Hello Will." He nods in response and looks at Jack waiting for further instructions.

Will goes closer to the corpse to examine it. As he looks into his face he suddenly realises why he's so familiar. He's the father of the little girl who was killed last week. Shock washes over him, his mouth falls open and he can't move for what feels like an eternity.

"You're alright?" Beverly approaches him but when she notices the man's face her smile fades and horror appears on her pretty face.

Hannibal and the other 3 men also hurry there. "What's it?" Jack doesn't remember the man. He didn't talk to him.

Will shakes off the shock's shackle. "You remember the girl from Thursday?" Jack nods. "This is her father." Jack mirrors their expression.

"Everybody leave! Now!" He barks and Will gets ready to climb into a killer's skin. Again.

The pendulum swings once. Jack and the others leave walking backwards, facing him.

It swings again and now the man's kneeling before him praying for release.

"I made it clear that if he continues this I'll kill him. He didn't continue it. In fact he ended it and her. He killed her.

He knew I was going to make it but he didn't care. I was planning this kill since weeks but now it became urgent. He's been abusing her since months but now he killed her out of fear. I don't kill him as a revenge but as punishing him for thinking I'm an idiot.

He is walking in the forest searching for a new pray but I overtake him. I strike down from behind him and brake his neck with one jerk. He deserves a more suffering and brutal death but I need the canvass spotless.

This is my design"

Will snaps out of his trans and looks over the now dead body. The man is placed before a tree with his back to it.

Will didn't notice anything special on the tree before but now as he goes closer he sees a flower sitting in the middle of a triangle made of sticks.

"Can you speak, Will?" Jack hurries him unable to wait. Will breaths in deeply and sighs.

"Yeah, yeah." He murmurs without any life in his tone. A painful headache cuts into his skull and his eyes hurt so much he has to close them. He puts both his hand over his face rubbing it stressed. Hannibal stands next to him and puts his hand on Will's shoulder in a comforting way just like Will did earlier. Will smiles at him and sighs again.

"He's the killer. He killed his own daughter." Horror spreads across the faces of the others and they want to say something but he continues. "He was afraid. He abused the little girl. And he killed her that's sure. But something's strange." His mind is racing but he can't figure out what's the error in this puzzle.

"Was it a revenge from this killer? Killing him for killing the little girl?" Hannibal asks with his hand still resting on Will's shoulder. It's a pleasurable pressure against his body and although he's not a touchy person he thirsts after the contact.

"Not entirely. I think it was because he didn't listen to him. He warned him to stop abusing. And he got afraid and killed her."

"You're not too lucky with those abusive parents." Beverly's referring to the Hobbs case. Her phrase makes Hannibal curious and he's now looking questioningly at Will.

"You heard of the Minnesota Shrike? Well, it was my first field work. When we figured out who he was and where he lived it was late. This man was killing young girls similar to his daughter in a way to stop himself from killing her. Someone informed him about our arriving and when we got there he already killed his wife and Abigail, the daughter was suffering in his strong grip."

"You don't have to continue if you can't. Will. Please." Beverly looks worried, genuinely worried knowing what a delicate topic this is for Will.

"There's no problem Bev. So, I grabbed my gun. I was afraid, my hand was trembling very much and I shot. And I missed. I missed and I killed an innocent girl. Who could have a future, who could have a normal life without an insane father." Will is surreally still with no emotion showing on his face. He is in that phase of grief when he can't cry anymore. He has cried thousands and thousands of tears.

"Hey, did you see this?" Jimmy is standing by the tree pointing at the small sculpture made lof stick and a flower.

"Yeah but I didn't figure out what it is. I'm sure it was made by the killer but on what purpose..."

"I'm not religious but the first thought I got from it was the All-seeing eye." Beverly's idea seems logical. Now that he think about it he can see it. The killer knew him. He saw him. And punished him for his bad acts.

Hannibal goes there and Will followed him.

"Sweet William." He says with that deep accented voice of his. Will shrugs in surprise, heat crowling up in his body.

Wednesday

Chapter Summary

Chaos happens.

Chapter Notes

Apologies for being this late.
And thanks for reading, your love makes my days better. <3

When Will returns from his walk in the forest he's surprised by an unsullied Hannibal standing before his door. He's just raised his hand to knock when Will arrives there and guided by a random idea he approaches the tall man from behind. He stands behind him quietly wrapping his arm around his torso while putting the other to cover those amber eyes.

Hannibal acts without thinking. He grabs the hand curled around his body squeezing Will's wrist. Will gasps in pain and this makes Hannibal turn around. When he sees his *attacker* his expression turns into something similar to what you'd call ashamed.

"My apologies, Will. I didn't know it was you. I didn't intend to hurt you." He surveys Will's hand searching for any harm, but Will shrugs off his hand stepping away from him.

Will's dogs are sitting around them observing them intensely. However they're more focused on Hannibal or more precisely the box in Hannibal's right hand. In the left he's holding a tupperware. They are panting loudly so Will starts fishing his keys in the pocket of his trousers.

"Sorry for scaring you..." He feels his face is on fire, embarrassment heating his cheeks. He hates it how often he blushes, he hates how his emotions show on his face involuntarily.

He finally finds the small object and unlocks the door. As he steps into the house the warmth immediately heats up his frozen limbs. He looks back at the man who's still standing on the porch. "Aren't you going to come in?" It's interesting how quickly all the shame has disappeared from his face as he got back to his own territory.

"Why did you come anyway?" Will leans down to clean the dogs before they have the chance to wiggle through the whole house with their muddy paws.

Hannibal is opening his mouth to answer when Dot, his biggest dog decides to jump on him putting mud on Hannibal's expensive coat.

"Oh no, Dot!" Will hurries there rebuking the naughty dog. "I'm so sorry. I don't know why you came but after this it would be a miracle seeing you here again." He chuckles and Hannibal joins him. It's a special experience seeing him letting off his always there expressionless mask. Something warm appears in Will's stomach when he hears that laugh sweeter then the best melodies.

"I brought us breakfast. I would prefer not talking about your eating habits, instead I decided preparing it myself." They walk to the table and Hannibal puts down the package opening it. Delicious smells escape from the tupperware and they make Will's mouth water. As the air fills with the scent of the food it attracts the dogs there. They start to late by the table gazing at the dish more and more often.

Will apologizes for their behaviour and locks them into the guestroom.

"So this is what you meant when you told me about the furry members of your family." Hannibal says while starting to portion the food on the two plates Will had put there. He stops what he's doing and smiles at him with a shade of pride glancing in his blue eyes.

"Yes, but you have to know that usually they don't behave like this. They're good guys."

"I believe it. The promise of food brings out the worst or the best from everyone."

"Did you have any pets? When you were a kid?" Will observes his plate hungrily. He is unable to imagine how Hannibal manages to serve a simple breakfast carried in a tupperware like it was from a 3 stars restaurant. The way the colours complement each other, the different shapes and textures, every single detail is a inevitable part of giving a spotless and whole image. This isn't food anymore. It's more of a piece of art. Just like the corpses left behind the Chesapeake Ripper. The way he presented those broken people covered in the finest fabrics or flowers something new every time.

The doctor stops talking when he realises his audience isn't really there.

"Are you here with me?" He asks softly cutting into the meatball sitting on his plate. Will shivers a bit as he returns from the Ripper's mind getting back into his own. He nods and grabs his cutlery.

"I prepared meatballs with boiled eggs and homemade bread. I hope you'll enjoy it. This dish is a perfect starting of the day, with some vegetables it'll give you enough energy and vitamins. His gaze turns in the fridge's direction, a questioning look on his face. "May I?" Will nods so he gets up grabbing the knife from the cupboard and searches for a tomato.

When he finds it he rolls up his sleeves then fixes his squeeze on the knife and holding the tomato he slowly pushes the blade into it. The fruit bleeds out, the copperish liquid flowing slowly on the blade, leaving on the blossoms of red on the cutting board. If Will looks through almost closed eyelids he sees blood colouring Hannibal's veined arms.

His look raises and as lighting hits that sharp cut face the shadows hollowing it make him underworldly beautiful. As beautiful as dangerous. The man standing by the cupboard is the devil himself with charcoal skin and antlers growing from his skull.

When he finishes cutting up the tomato he comes back with a proud smile stretching on his lips. He sits down in front of Will and they start eating.

"How are you feeling dear Will?" Will chews thinking of an answer. He's surely talking about the consequences the latest crime scene had on him.

"It's a good question." He chuckles nervously, fidgeting with his fork. "I can't find the connection I know is there but I'm unable to find out what's that. It's really frustrating. There's something odd with the girl's corpse. His father wasn't exhibitionistic. He wanted her for himself and himself only." He puts a meatball into his mouth and after chewing he swallows it down. "If the other killer didn't mess it up he would very likely hide the evidence, consume it." And it ticks, suddenly he sees something what he didn't see before.

The Ripper's also consuming any evidence. But not to hide them. He's eating the organs of the pigs. As he realises this he feels a strong nausea as the food he's just eaten tries to break free. All these years they've been guessing what the Ripper does with the trophies but this never even occured to him. He feels like he can't walk or move, a panic attack is building in him and he doesn't know what to do.

He doesn't want to do this before Hannibal but maybe he's being a psychiatrist could be an advantage for Will.

Anyways he excuses himself to the bathroom shutting the door behind him. He closes the toilet lid and sits on it pulling up his knees and embracing them. He feels very sick, his stomach hurts he fights keeping its contents there and his trembling in his whole body. He buries his face in his hands as the first warm tears break their ways over his cheeks. His heated face burns as the tears flow down. He tries to keep down his hiccups, being as quiet as possible.

After a few minutes sitting in the bathroom his hand touches something hard and when he pulls it out of his pocket he realises that he should call Jack. But first he has to calm down. He rocks evenly and slowly back and forth, his face still resting on his knees.

Will calls Jack telling him what he knows and jack wants to meet him again at the crime scene from yesterday.

Hannibal stays at his house and Will goes to the forest leaving back rudely an unfinished breakfast but Hannibal doesn't say anything. He notices Will's state so he only asks him worrying if he can do anything for him. Will says no and leaves.

The forest is more tranquil now that the only people there are him and Jack.

His boss wanted Hannibal there but Will protested. He doesn't no either why exactly but he wouldn't feel comfortable now in the presence of the psychiatrist. Hannibal promised him to take care of his dogs while he's away. Molly isn't home now since she spent the last night at her friend's house.

They walk to the clearing in silence, both of them buried in their thoughts.

In fact Will was the one insisting to visit the crime scene again unable to relax while this close to solve the case for once and forever. He really wants to catch the Ripper. But he's not sure what he would do when he finds him. And this is frightening.

The corpse has been taken away but the triangle is still on the trunk where the man was praying yesterday.

When he arrived home from the forest he spent hours looking for anything connected to the man or the flower or both.

He found out that 'sweet william' is the flower's name or how they also call it bunch pink.

But how is it connected to the man? If it's really the All-seeing eye then it has to do something with the flower.

He sits on the ground in the exact position as the corpse was placed and waits with closed eyes.

"I killed my daughter. That's sure. But I didn't put her on display. I wanted to keep her for myself and only myself."

He already knew this. But what if it was the Ripper placing her there. She wasn't killed by a bullet. Her neck was broken.

The pendulum swings again and he's back in that strong body with the strong mind.

"I kill him quickly so I have more time preparing the corpse. I take away his liver what he doesn't deserve. The alcohol made him that man what he became. The liver is damaged but with a little preparation it can be useful.

I place the man on the ground with his knees tightly together facing the tree. I put his hands together as praying and slowly I close his eyes. He doesn't deserve to see. There's someone who does it and really sees everything. I have a plan to kill my dare empath to cut out those understanding eyes placing them in the center of the triangle. In the place of the flower. Sweet William.

This is my design."

And suddenly all clicks, the bullet, the young girl, him displaying everything so precisely just to show that he's able to do it. All the glamorous dishes served containing special organs of meat.

As his consciousness slips away the gapes start widening on the chick wall that keeps away the Ripper's mind.

The silence is so loud, everything he feels, smells even the air he breaths in is Hannibal, the Ripper. Filled with that intoxicating feeling that's as lulling as painful.

The fresh air goes through his nose down to his lungs. Everywhere it goes it stabs in him thousands and thousands of blades. He can't breath properly and all the oxygen that arrived to his lungs makes its way out of his body with shaking coughs.

Tears gather in his eyes as understanding washes over him.

Hannibal wanted him to see him. To understand him the way he understands Will. And what's more important, he truly was the man displaying the little girl's corpse. He positioned her the same way his Mischa died. Laying in the coldness, red blood painting the snow reddish.

Will doesn't even know how but he knows how Mischa died. She was shot when Hannibal was a kid. And he ate her. He consumed her flesh without knowing it.

Shock widens his eyes, horror taking the surprise's place.

And now that he knows who Hannibal is and what he's done he doesn't feel anything. No fear, no shame for liking his company. Nothing. And it's frightening.

He knows he has two choices:

A= he goes to Jack telling him everything.

Or B= he goes to Hannibal telling him what he knows and running away together.

It's late when he arrives to Hannibal's house with a very exact plan.

He knocks on the door and takes the opportunity to fix his shirt. He chose a blood coloured one matching the doctor's eyes. It also complements his blues very well. He took the time to comb his hair and choose a more expensive aftershave not the one with a ship on the bottle.

The doctor appears in the door after a few minutes with an apron tied around his waist. He clears his hands in it and opens the door wider gesturing towards his home. He doesn't even question Will's presence here.

They go in and while Hannibal returns to the kitchen Will sits down in the dining room.

He knows there's still time to change his plan.

After a few minutes the doctor appears in the room skillfully balancing two plates in his hands. He puts them down on the table. They are similar, containing a piece of meat as the center of the meal and some kind of salad made from vegetables.

Hannibal announced the dish but Will can't quite make out the words, the ringing of his ears makes him deaf for a moment. He can hear as the blood floods in his ears, his every heartbeat making his body shake. Anxiousness takes control over him and sharp pain stabs into his skull.

Will closes his eyes tightly and he suddenly feels the heat radiating from Hannibal's body, who stands right behind him, putting his hand on Will's forehead. He brushed away the damp curls so their skins can connect more easily. His long, cool fingers feel good on Will's hot forehead.

"Will, you're in fever. You need to lie down and I'll wet a towel for you so you can put it on your forehead, okay?"

As Will lies down on the couch Hannibal leans down and smells the Will puffing hot breath against his neck. He hums and returns to the kitchen leaving a confused Will behind.

Will closes his eyes for a minute just to wake up again after an hour of feverish sleeping. His whole body is shaking, and the air feels cool against his burning skin. His curls are sticking sweatily to his head. He's afraid Hannibal has left him but all of his doubt fades away when he spots him sitting next to the couch reading a book.

Will feels better and most importantly safe. The presence of the other man calms him and when he looks into his eyes he sees that emptiness what made him obsessed with this man.

This is when everything occurs to him and panic starts rising in him. The other man seems to notice this since he stops reading, puts down the book and looks at him with a questioning expression.

"Dr. Lecter." Will starts with not too much confidence. Irritation appears on the others face, presumably because of the appellation.

"Aren't we on a first name basis, dear Will?" Will mumbles a sorry and returns to what he wants to say.

"Hannibal, I need to tell you something. Or ask or whatever."

"It seems our relationship isn't as serious for you as it is for me. Firstly I'm your therapist so you can tell me anything, I won't tell it to anyone, the doctor-patient confidentiality prohibits me to do otherwise. And secondly you're my good friend. And friendship is based on trust, isn't it?"

This makes Will feel stupid, he feels similar to when he was an inexperienced kid with all those idiotic questions. He feels really embarrassed. He takes a deep breath and then another and another until he starts panting. He breaths out slowly and tells everything he wants within one breath.

"Okay, okay. I know who you are. I know what you did. I know what you think of me. But I don't know why you did any of those acts. I believe you when you say you had your own reasons. But I can't sympathise with you. "He chuckles at the bad choice of words without any humour. "Not in that way."

He watches the other man's expression the whole time looking for any change in his features, even a nuance. But he finds nothing. However when their gazes finally lock he can see that pure darkness and aggression that was there hiding in that composed man the whole time. And he feels the same monster growling in himself reaching for the beast what once was his psychiatrist.

Hannibal isn't human anymore, his monsterlike body is strong, the muscles wrapped in fine clothes show the strength in him. Now that Will knows what his hobby is he isn't surprised seeing his psychical condition. He obviously needs that strength to carry the corpses of grown adults all alone.

Hannibal doesn't deny any of what he said, he only nods and caresses Will's burning cheeks.

"Would you join me one day?" Is all he asks when the front door breaks with a loud creak and FBI workers flood into the house with Crawford guiding them, shouting commands.

They approach the room quietly but not quite to be able to hide from the serial killer's sensitive hearing. However Hannibal doesn't do anything else than holding the eye contact with a shadow of disappointment playing on his hard features.

Will feels embarrassed and guilty and he isn't sure what he would reply if the cops hadn't arrive. He's 90% sure he would run away with the other man any time when he has the chance. And this shows what a bad man he is.

"FBI, hands up!" Jack barks and his employees appear in the door, every one of them holding a gun pointing them at the man sitting relaxed next to the couch. They move without any pattern almost like the confused ants when you throw a rock at them.

"Well it seems we have company." Hannibal is still relaxed and as composed as ever.

Now Will can really see how disappointed Hannibal is in him. He made everything just for Will, he wanted him to know him, to see him and Will gave him up. The older man adores him and even idolises the profiler.

Hannibal turns towards Jack. "Please be quiet, Will is fighting his own war with the disease, so keep down ours." He walks to stand right before Jack, the two men observing each other focused, both calculating the other's next move.

As they stand facing each other Will can see the power and strength the psychiatrist has. Although the two men are the same height, the monster makes him bigger and more frightening. There is tension between them but not the good kind. Will's afraid Hannibal will do something really really bad but he surprises him.

The doctor puts both hands up behind his head, his every movement slow. He kneels down and looks up. His gaze searches the room and stills looking at Will. They are holding the eye contact and everything surrounding them disappears.

The maroon eyes hide sadness and Will's heart hurts. It almost breaks under the weight of guilt. He can't look but can't look away. He feels a strong instinct to run toward the kneeling man, embrace him and hide him from the others. To save him from those who don't deserve knowing him.

Handcuffs close on strong hands, the metal biting into the exposed flesh. The click breaks the silence and the two men break the eye contact.

Will's still laying on the couch when the FBI drags away the serial killer. He should be happy, content, he should feel positive things. For finally catching the guy who's been threatening the city for this long. He should feel satisfied with his job for preventing any further murder. For saving all those innocent people who other way would end on the cannibal's plate and in Will's stomach.

He can see those articles that'll appear tomorrow saying it's over, the Ripper is found, everything's fine. But it isn't, for Will nothing's fine.

He doesn't leave the house, he stays there for the night promising to Jack that they can check the property tomorrow.

He couldn't leave this place even if he was forced to do so. He needs every feeling that's Hannibal and the Ripper and the beast. These three creatures start to blur, he can't make out the limits.

As he shuffles to the kitchen he sees a note hanging on the fridge.

"I wanted you to know exactly where I am, and where you can always find me"

This short message breaks him completely, sending shivers through his body, the fever getting worse. But he doesn't mind it, he can't even get up from the floor where he sat down when his knees gave up. This phrase echoes in his mind until he falls asleep there, laying on the cold tiles.

Thursday

Chapter Summary

Thursday and the end of the journey.

Chapter Notes

Thanks for reading, it seems we reached the final of this short scrap. 😅
I'm glad you were here. Tell me what you think about it. (•ө•)♡

See the end of the chapter for more notes

The warmth of soft sheets against his skin feels good but odd. His shivers are less but he's still trembling.

When Will opens his eyes it takes some time for him to adjust to the darkness. He looks around slowly and realises that he's not home, neither in a room he's been before.

The design of the place has very characteristic features, you can tell from a glance to whom it belongs.

The walls are painted in a really dark tone, but the huge windows are compensating it. Everything is valuable if not because of the furniture but the pieces of art adorning the walls, decorating everything like some handmade jewelry. The big bed Will's laying on is in the middle of the room, it's the main piece.

This room has a personality, in contrast to the one Will has slept before.

Honestly he has no idea how he got here since the last memory he has is collapsing down on the kitchen floor.

He yawns, stretching and moves to get out of the bed, what seems to be an impossible task due to the comfort the soft fabric caressing his skin gives him.

He burries his face into the pillow and breaths in deeply. A strong scent of some kind of wood and exotic plants fills his lungs with every breathe. He can also smell sweat what's probably his, but Hannibal's scent is still stronger than it. It helps him calm down a bit after the night filled with nightmares.

He can't remember what he dreamt about but the bad feeling of it remained with him with a scream burried inside him but not deeply enough to never come out. It's in his throat, like a

stone what he can't swallow down. Its claws dig into his throat with every unsuccessful try to swallow.

When he sits up it's like pushing a reset button, every memory coming back, each occuring rapidly, one thought pushing out the others. The only thing constant in his mind is Hannibal, Hannibal, Hannibal.

Every memory from last night feels like he's watching them from outside. He can see himself ill with the psychiatrist discussing in the room. It's too blurry, a fog sitting in his brain.

He doesn't know if it was a dream or reality. If he's really Will Graham or is this even real?

He can't hold back anymore the scream what explodes from him and he can't stop the high pitched voice he's making. He's shaking, the only even thing is his scream. Tears are pooling on the bed, every drop making a dark spot on the fabric. The salty liquid burns his eyes and his hot cheeks.

At some point the scream stopped and now he's sitting on the bed with his knees pulled up against his chest and his head resting on them. The tears are coming unstoppable but he doesn't notice it, he doesn't notice anything in general.

He aches for the older man's presence, his support and he won't admit it but he even misses the doctor's small innocent touches here and there during their conversations. His reassuring smile and the pair of those amber oceans that felt like an addiction for him.

But Will knows what happened and that he's not there. He can't be. However guided by a strange instinct he leaves the room putting on that red sweater he became fond of during the night he spent here. It sits innocently on a chair just like Hannibal had put it there only for him and nobody else.

He shuffles down the stairs, the wood feeling cold below his bare feet. The house is oddly silent without its owner. The only sound is the whisper of the cold walls surrounding him. He feels as the tall walls start to grow trying to squeeze him.

He takes the last few steps running with his eyes half closed.

When he finally gets in the kitchen he can barely move in the corridor, his body almost crashing in the narrow gap left between the monstrous walls.

He pants audibly gasping for air. His whole body is in unbearable pain, his legs not quite holding his weight. It feels like thousands of blades are stabbing into his flesh between his ribs. His heart is pounding crazily trying to leave his ribcage.

Light is coming from the kitchen, the lamps shining through the darkness of the dawn.

He entries into the room and staggers back with a glance into it. He thinks his eyes are playing with him because the person sitting by the table couldn't, can't be there. But then the man turns clearing his throat and a smile all teeth appears on his handsome face.

"Will. Come, take a seat." Hannibal's sitting on the head of the table and is pointing at the chair on his right.

Will obeys too confused to say a word or do anything else. He can't decide what to do so it is a salvation that the psychiatrist tells him what he wants from him. So the only thing he has to worry about is if he does the task right.

Minutes pass by, time's slipping away from Will like something wet you try to hold but can't. Every inch he moves is like moving in a thick syrup without enough space to even breath.

The man sitting next to him doesn't move either, he's observing Will mirroring his every expression. When their gazes find each other they stick together, unable to look away. As the light plays on Hannibal's iris it turns into blood slowly flowing, and embracing the darkness of the pupil. Something moves there, burried deeply from anyone but Will. Will swallows hard, the click from the act echoing between them.

"Not a fond of eye contact, are you?" The older man tilts a bit his head his dark eyes never leaving the other's soft blues.

"I find eyes rather distracting but-" Will considers the idea of opening up completely before the psychiatrist by telling him that he's the only one he can maintain eye contact with. "There's something within you what hides within me."

"Something others wouldn't accept. Something too brutal for this society. Am I right?" He's referring to the darkness living in both of them. He's relaxed and Will starts mirroring his composure involuntarily. He unclenches his fists, resting his hands in his lap. "The need to hunt can be found in everyone. It was there in our ancestors and it will live in our descendants."

"You can embrace this instinct by murder." Will responds almost immediately knowing the conversation is too normal, almost like they're talking about the weather.

"Killing must feel good for God too. He does it all the time, and are we not created in his image?" Hannibal puts his hands on the table drawing Will's attention to his long fingers. An artist's hand. A surgeon's hand. A killer's hand. Will glances down at his own hands resting on his thighs. He has smaller palms, the skin covered with bruises and scars from all those years spent with working on motorboats. Would he be able to hold a knife even? Or would his hands shake so much that Hannibal would have to take the job from him? Could he squeeze the life out of a person with his short fingers? Or is it a job easier for someone with a pianist's fingers? Like the older man?

A knock on the door interrupts his thoughts, making him jump a little in surprise.

Will gets up from the chair approaching the door in a hurry.

He opens it and he finds his boss standing on the porch with his badge reflecting the moonlight. A bulge on his jacket is visible, probably his gun hiding there loaded, ready to

shoot anyone to death. Will can see curves of the weapon although the street isn't properly lit.

"Hello Will." Will hears soft footsteps approaching from behind as Hannibal gets closer. Without a glance back at him Will punches the big man standing in front of him in the face. His fist lands on Jack's nose breaking the bone with a crack. Blood flows from his nostrils, the hot liquid painting Will's hand red.

Jack opens his mouth in surprise putting a hand to his broken nose to soothe the bleeding. He's surprised but Will's even more surprised by his own act. He turns back to Hannibal who's still standing in the door frame with his back against the wall and a leg pulled up, resting on the bricks. He looks calm, way too relaxed, not bothered by what has just happened. His hands are clenched into fists and Will sees that his right hand is wrapped tightly around something what he would say is a scalpel or some kind of knife. He pushes himself from where he's been leaning against the wall and takes a step closer to Jack.

He's examining the head of the FBI with a predatory grin, his sharp teeth white. His muscles stretch underneath the tailored suit. The fabric wrapped around his body hides pretty well the strength of a killer.

Jack reaches out to hold Will hard by his shoulders pushing him up on the wall. Will's bones crack under the power the other holds above him.

Jack's face is inches away from his, the closeness not so comfortable. The tall man's every breathe puffs into his face and Will tries to pull away as much as he can until his head lands on the wall with a knock. He's happy that at least he has his glasses on what make the lack of distance between him and Jack a bit more bearable. The glasses sitting on his nose break the uncomfortable eye contact.

Will pulls up his knee aiming his kick between the other man's thighs and as the act takes the boss unexpectedly Hannibal chooses that moment to strike down on Jack behind his back. The blade slips into flesh easily, tearing open his nape. The man hisses in pain and one hand leaving Will to cover the fresh wound and reduce the amount of the blood pulsating from it.

Will tears out his other wrist too from Jack's squeeze and now with both of his hands free he's able to take away the scalpel from Hannibal's hand to push it against the vulnerable skin on Jack's throat. With every swallow the tall man takes the blade bites into his skin but not deeply enough to draw blood only making some bruises.

Jack seems afraid, pure fear of death in his eyes. Will is amused by the panic of his prey. He enjoys the power and the knowledge that he is who's holding the other man's life in his hands and only him. He pushes the blade deeper and with manic grin he pulls it out just to push it back again all way until the only part sticking out of his neck is the handle.

Jack's growling and he starts choking on his blood. But he punches Will in the face and he uses the time while Will is unconscious to pull out the scalpel and with a step forward he stabs Will in the cheek with the bloodsoaked blade.

Sharp pain bites into him as the metal object is burried deep into his flesh. Will feels the blood flowing down his face. Hannibal jumps on the back of Jack both of them ending on the

muddy land. They are all limbs tangled together. The psychiatrist is a biting and punching machine while Jack's more of a hobbling mess. Will approaches them without paying any attention to his would or the pain and kicks Jack in the head.

He and Hannibal slowly start to work together one of them holding the boss in place while the other is punching and stabbing him. It's all blood, sweat and saliva that is soaking their clothes.

Will takes the scalpel once more while Hannibal holds Jack by the shoulders and pulls him up from the ground just to push him against the wall.

He stands before Jack face to face and a victorious smile adornes his bloody face.

"It's over, Jack." He looks at Hannibal for a moment, tightens his grip on the handle and burried it deep into Jack's stomach.

He lets him bleed out, rattles escaping the other man's mouth.

He sees as the head of the FBI tenses and doesn't move anymore, his eyes becoming glassy and losing focus. Hannibal puts two fingers on the pulse point to be sure he's dead. He nods and steps back from the corpse.

They killed the head of the FBI, his boss and Will didn't even flinch while doing so. In fact he feels free, the adrenaline still pumping through his body. He leans with his back against the wall as far from the dead body as possible and looks around exhaustedly.

The world is similarly dark to themselves, a perfect background to their monsterlike act. The blood adorning their features looks almost black in the moonlight, the sun not quite rising yet.

Hannibal kneels before the still body looking up at Will in question. He looks beautiful like this, not in his usual form, not as composed and not in control. Damp locks fall onto his forehead, his blood coloured eyes still shining in amusement and a satisfied smile plays on his lips.

Will wants to stop the time, wants to adore him for eternity, wants to remember him like this forever. He wants to tear his monster open, wants to consume him alive. Wants to rip out his still beating heart and bite into it. Wants to see that ever present mask fall down and wants to see the pain on that wonderful face. But mostly: he wants him.

"We should do something with it. Do you want to put it on display or-?" Hannibal asks softly still on the ground, observing Will's every movement, deifies him, like a believer prays for his god. "It's our design, I resist to claim credit for this piece of art we created together."

Will considers the idea for long minutes, with his lips pressed together in concentration. Finally his eyes find Hannibal's and he tilts his head. "I want to get rid of him. I don't want to remember him. We have time to create better together. But we need better material for a better work."

He finds pure worship and proud in Hannibal's dark eyes and he knows the older man is satisfied with his answer.

"There's a river not far from here. May you help me being the body there?"

They are standing on a cliff and under them rushes noisily a small river. It's water turned black in the lack of light but its darkness matches the atmosphere.

Hannibal puts down on the ground the heavy body stretching his drained muscles.

Will looks down at Jack's face with pure disgust. He feels a sudden urge to spit on that face that's been making his life a living hell for too long. He wants to kick his cheeks until he can't do more.

After he also stretched his shoulders they grab the corpse once again and bring it to the edge of the cliff until they are standing on it's very end.

He fixes his grip on the body and after a quick glance on the other man he extends his hands and in a second uncurls his fingers letting the body fall down. It's a quick fall, the splash coming right after they let go of the corpse. The water bubbling where it breaks through its hard surface.

The wind blows his curls into his face, a constant movement in the stillness.

He turns his head slowly to look at the older man and when he nods Will can't help but falter towards him and collapse into his waitingly opened arms. His head falls against the taller man's broad chest, his cheek pressed to the blood soaked shirt. He hears his every heartbeat under his face, the only evidence of the fact that he's still alive.

Hannibal curls his arms around his body ever so lightly and puts his head on top of Will's.

Tiredness floods through his body and he's glad for Hannibal's supporting body under his. He's not sure he could remain on his feet without his strong grip.

Will feels the other's hand crawling up on his body, stopping on his hip. Hannibal's other hand slowly caresses Will's face and without any suddenness the older man lifts up his head to have a better access to maintain an eye contact with him.

Will tilts up his jaw and smiles at him softly.

"See. This is all I ever wanted for you, Will." Hannibal takes a deep breath and continues. "For both of us."

Will's smile widens even more at those words and without any second thought he answers. "It's beautiful." And indeed it is. The setting sun's light plays on their bodies beautifully, the blood covering them is like weird but fancy accessory.

Will rests his forehead against Hannibal's and slowly leans toward the end of the cliff.

When they start falling the hands curled around his back tighten protectively. The wind is caressing him and he sees everything in slow motion.

And after some minutes he feels as the wind gets under his clothes. And suddenly he's alone falling unstoppable toward the deadly water. He's as alone as ever, realising that there's nobody but him.

He fades towards death, lonely because of one wrong decision. Because the man is sitting in jail at the moment.

Coldness crawls under his skin reaching bone deep into him.

And there's not enough clothing that would make the coldness more bearable.

God, he hates his shirt.

Chapter End Notes

"This must be Thursday,' said Arthur to himself, sinking low over his beer. 'I never could get the hang of Thursdays."
The hitchhiker's guide to the galaxy

Just because this quote fits so well with this fic. (・∀・)

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